



# TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

## One Day in the Life of

There were six, all girls,  
 Leningrad students,  
     spread on their little table; mackintoshes swinging  
     posh suitcases                      life  
     All clear for them. We talked and  
 drank  
     They asked me what I was. I told the  
 truth. "I'm special girls, heading straight for death".

They gasped and moaned  
 And                      covered me

all the way to Novosibirsk.

\*

at night, through the back garden  
     my brother with me.

Nothing to give  
 him      nothing for myself. In Frunze some

road workers  
     take my little brother  
 Teach him how to live

through

even this

***Michele Seminara***

\* an erasure poem sourced from two paragraphs of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

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